



**SECRET.**

# SHUBERT LETTERS

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THE NEXT DEADLINE FOR NEWS-  
PAPER COPY IS TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1972.  
ALL SUBMISSIONS MUST BE TYPED.

THE FEELINGS STATED IN THESE  
ARTICLES ARE NOT NECESSARILY  
THOSE OF THE EDITORS AND STAFF  
OF MCA. EQUAL SPACE WILL BE GIVEN  
TO ANY OPPOSING VIEWS AND QUERIES.

Under the aegis of Mr. Lawrence Shubert Lawrence, Jr., the Shubert Theatre in Boston has adopted the policy of giving special student discounts to students showing the proper identification at the box office window.

The special reduced rate of \$3.00 for all unsold tickets will be given students the day of the performance for those performances when tickets will be available. Tickets may be purchased at the box office window from Noon for the matinee performances and from 6:00 PM for the evening performances.

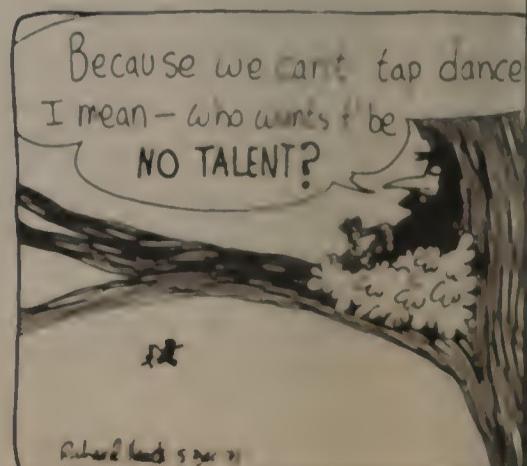
Editor: Mass. Art Community News

Sir:

Something has bothered me for many months now. It concerns the Black Students Union (or whatever name it goes by) and their room on the second floor near the graphic design rooms.

Whenever I walk by it and see Black students congregating near it or going in or out of it, I feel like an outsider. I feel as if this part of the school is not for me. I dare not go downstairs and see what's going on.

Perhaps this is all my own state of mind but still this is segregation and segregation never leads to integration.



I've been at Mass. Art before — '64 — '66 and there were few Black students then. In the Navy I was appalled at the lack of blacks in my rating as a medic yet the abundance of them as cooks or worse as custodians in officer's barracks or on officer's decks.

Now I return to college and find the Black is gaining more, he is erecting his own ghetto and forcing the *whites* out even if by implication.

As a Mass. art student I resent this segregation in my school. If this union were an association of potters or print-makers or illustrators black and white and yellow, I would not be writing this. My comment is not on the union itself, but on the segregation by color which it implies.

I do not believe in "Black Art" or in the term the "Black Artist." I believe in Henry O. Tanner's art and Calvin Bur-

nett's art and Dana Chandler's art. But these are *American* artists. To put them in a pigeon hole as Black Artists seems to me to only regress us back to 1954, to set up a *black students* association regresses all that Blacks have fought for — namely integration and equality.

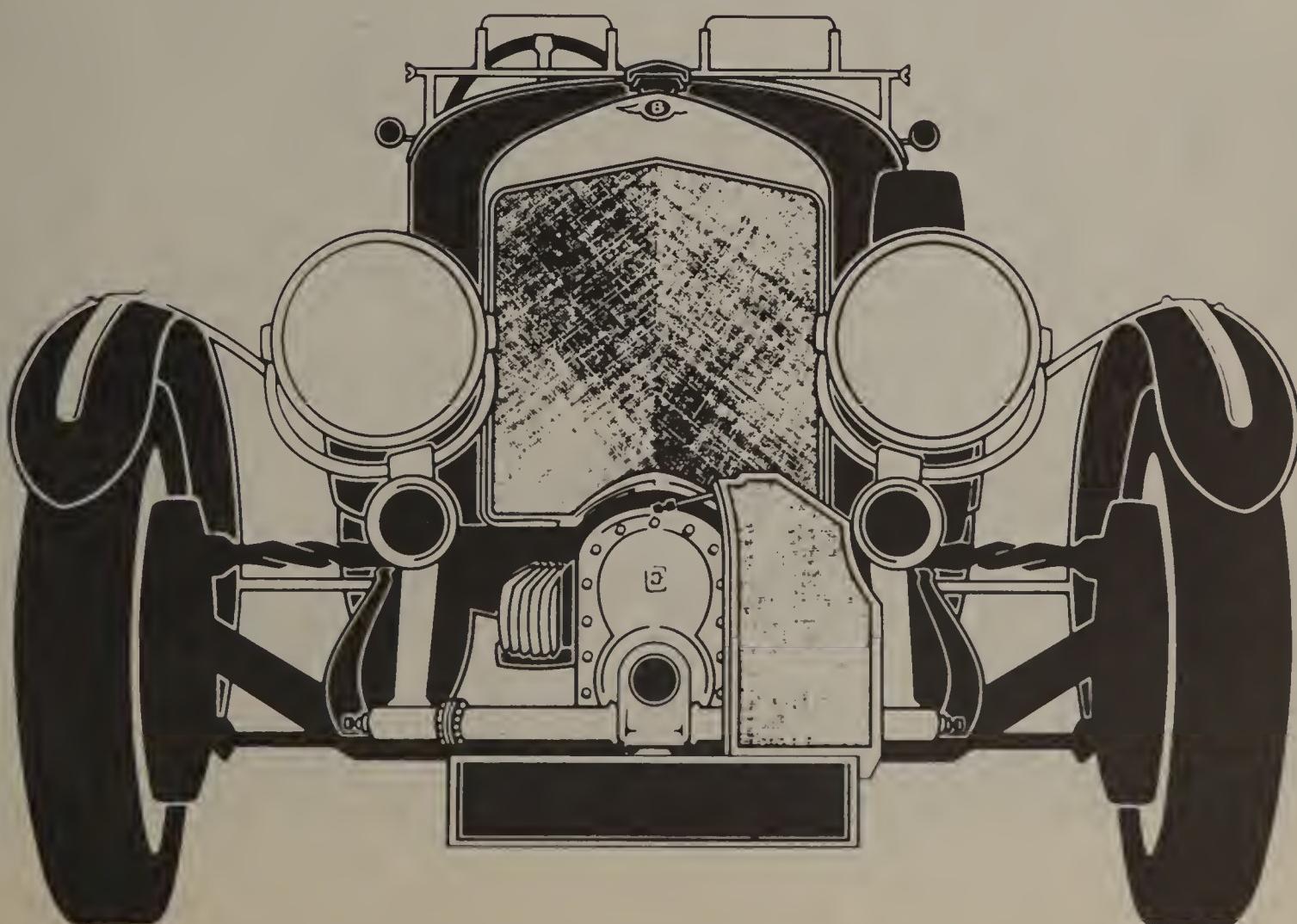
Perhaps it can be said, "Now you know how it feels, whitey." True. I know how it feels when I waited on the platform at Dudley Street Station to go to the Elma Lewis School. I know how it feels when I happened to walk in the Union room one afternoon. I was promptly shown the door — escorted even. No attempt was made to introduce me to the Union — what it's about or what they're trying to accomplish by it. (I was even asked if I went to Mass. Art) I was just told it's for their meetings. Period. This shoe on the other foot attitude does not achieve the

state of mind we need in this country — namely that the Black is a human being first. His race should not be considered. His talent and his character are his banners.

In writing all this, I know I will offend some blacks and invite racist comments. But I *DO NOT LIKE* feeling an outsider in my college. As I walk by the Black students association, I do not like feeling this sense of foreignness, this sense of being afraid to walk down and see what's going on.

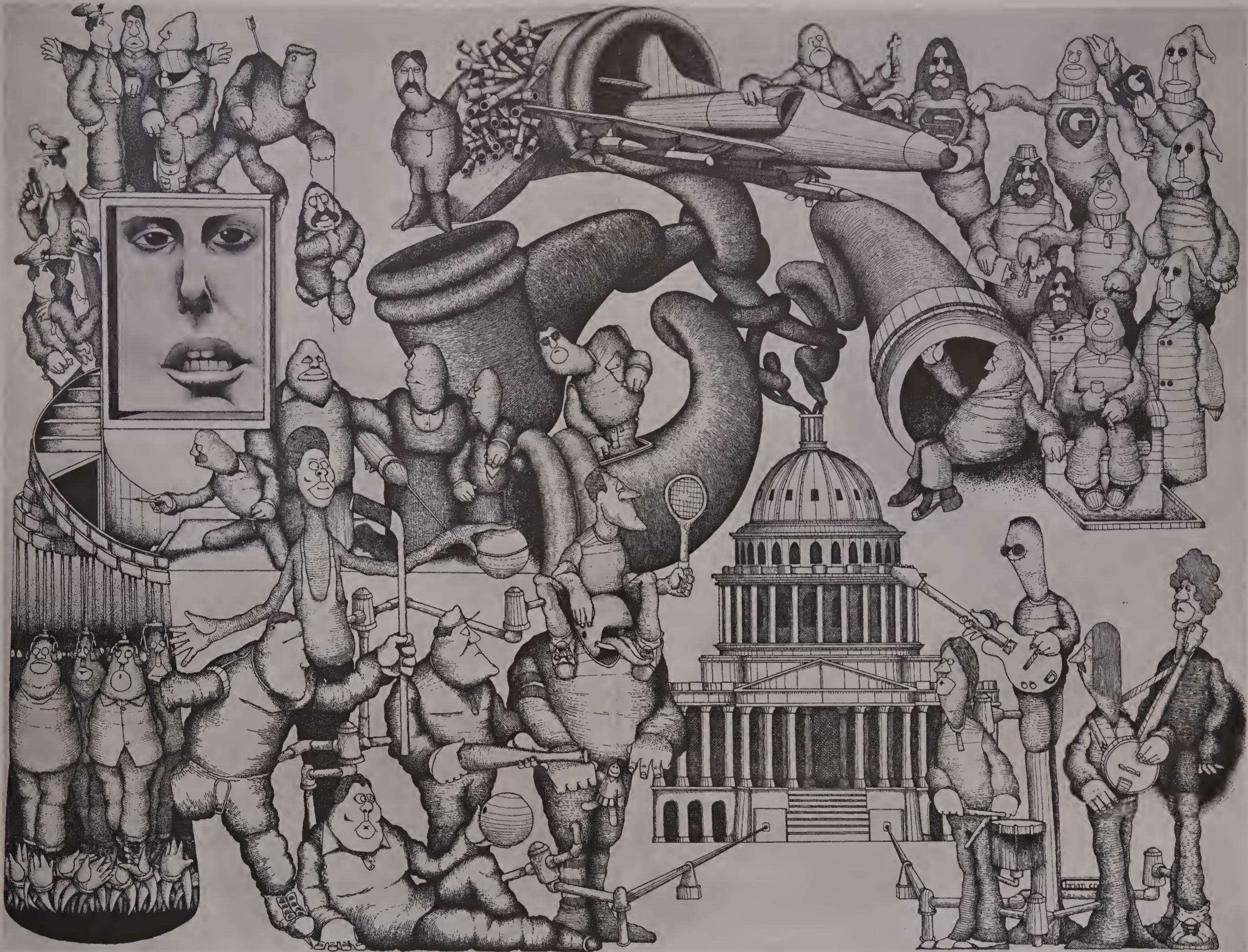
Mass. College of Art is one school and should not be broken up into units according to race. True equality will never be achieved this way.

Richard Heath  
ILLB '73



JIM BOTTS





## THE DIARIES OF GOD

Cosmic Scope, Apocalyptic Vision, Relevance, and Literary Merit Provided by Eric Liberty Kimball  
Sneezing Powder, Joy Buzzers, Stink Bombs, and Groucho Marx Masks Courtesy of Young Thomas Carty

VI

Dear Diary,

What a wonderful bit of fun Binky has turned out to be! He is the most astoundingly delightful little fellow, his tiny antics keeping us all in a sustained state of helpless laughter! He is the master comic, the eternal funnyman, his mirth-filled soul requiring but the slightest of stimuli to produce his clownish wonders . . . and oh! what wonders they are!

At first he would do little but stomp around, ranting and raving and cursing and shouting and moaning about the meaninglessness of his existence. Oh, what great sobs he sobbed! Oh, how he clawed the earth and tore his hair! We laughed and laughed! How pathetic he looked! How filled with misery he was!

Then he began to take a more defiant stance, hurling his insults into the void, arguing long and mightily with the god he did not, never would, and never did believe to exist. Oh, how he raged and fumed! How forlorn he was! How hope-

less his state of affairs! We laughed and laughed and laughed! The sight of that gnat-like figure shaking his minuscule fist into the face of infinity would have been enough to cause even the most staid and grim to chuckle and sigh!

Then he assumed a more egocentric role. Deducing that the very fact of his existence implied that he must be a figure of some importance, for days he strutted about, his chest puffed up to impossible dimensions, the greater portion of his time spent in futile attempts to pat himself on the back. Oh, what a wonderful moment it was when, drawing himself up to his full microscopic height, with wrinkled brow and solemn eye he sought, and did so in vain, to impress upon himself the full, majestic, gloriousness of himself! We roared! And oh, how frustrated he was when he realized that never would he be able to feast his eyes upon what surely must be the most magnificent of sights — himself in profile!

It was then, when the full weight of this realization hit home, that he resumed his former ways — moaning and groaning and weeping profusely. I thought we'd never stop laughing!

Well, we grew a little weary of all this after a while, and Sam suggested that we just touch him with the lit end of a cigar and have done with it, but Willie thought that was a little "coarse" and "unbecoming of an extraterrestrial being". We tossed a few more lightning bolts at the terrified Binky, then decided to leave him

with a few edicts and laws, the obeying of which, we reasoned, would serve the dual purpose of keeping him occupied and providing us with a continued source of amusement.

Binky, grateful for the cessation of the lightning, readily accepted all of our terms (which were ridiculous) and has been all this day dividing his attentions between the reciting of prayers to us in which he thanks us for our love and mercy, and the singing of hymns to us in which he praises us for our wisdom and compassion. The tiny fool.

I am the lord thy,  
GOD

P.S. I neglected to mention that I took time out last week to create light — had to — couldn't see a damned thing.

copyright proceedings begun  
april 22, 1972

The moon sits on the branch bark  
How wonderful to be there  
Knowing that blood is dampness, sweating  
And you, the trust of all  
Smell of wood's green things  
I'd like to have the ivy off your arms,  
Mashed up leaves  
And toes we both know.

Take the trolley back to home.  
Take the trolley back to mind.  
Yours is the sugar root from Earth.  
The universe knows when to end.  
I found you to be a summer orange green  
Like a leaf in a tree  
Trembling  
Shaking the stem  
I broke it.

The tree remains.  
Looking down your kaleidescope pathway,  
The light through the tree  
Is yours.

Trees along a sand white road  
In the disappearing light of day  
Giving off a uniform warmth, glow,  
I see nothing and it is grey  
Standing so stark and still  
Beyond the binding walls of this room.  
I wish I could be part of this nothing,  
So quiet, so still, so standing.

Will the winning ever be so sweet as the having  
S. Walsh

The mouth is the door to transcendence,  
The asshole is the root of reality.

## THE FAWN'S HEAD

As the sweat is forced from my hands  
To seep into the rope they hold  
The assassination is begun  
And what matters the tightness about my throat

A line somewhere directed pierces me  
Without even color, it compels me  
It touches my eyes  
It destroys the night

It is a bell tolling  
Sounding through heaven and hell  
I am at once in compulsion and free  
At once near myself and horrified

Surrounded and stilled by blackness  
It pierces through my throat  
As an axis through an earth  
Orbiting like a moon around itself

It is a line clear white  
Like the evening star  
Shining in the still morning sky  
Where finally red fades to gold

Each season has answered the bells toll  
Each season has intensified my senses  
Each have tortured my desires with transience  
Each in turn distorts guarded limits

In this freedom I escape the breath  
Held in my body and weighted  
To the earth leaned on by all  
— Stars and constellations alike

Not as a weeping child abandoned  
In a garden gone to seed by lies of other seasons  
Nor as a child sleeps  
Blind to the darkness around him

But like wind running across continents  
Crushing ancient masks hard with fear  
I cross boundaries into countries  
Where thirst is stopped by the dew on the morning

The line tightly drawn in my hands  
Piercing through fear  
Divides nothing from itself  
It encircles a new world being born every minute

Clear and without a trace  
It is the flight of a bird  
Golden under the sun  
A phoenix free from its dead flames

Everything ignites the atmosphere  
The sun fills flowers with color  
The moon floats on an ocean weeping  
The dust is aflame with light

The abyss is opened  
Bridges crush under irredeemable tolls  
And canyons gutter their silent shadows  
The infinite measures my footstep

The whole of hope is emptied  
Its wood splintered and torn  
Has sung its last note and expired  
It has ripped itself out of my heart

The abyss is the wound  
Without stains of blood  
Exhausted dreams without color  
Thrones empty of touch

The abyss is the hollow of sound  
Its voice the roll of the sea  
The thunder of madness laughing  
It cradles the earth in sleep

It fades in waves which beat on the tide  
Rocks on the shore flooded with salt  
And the pain of the womb  
Weeping its song

The sweet song of longing  
A birth without reason  
To conquer and steal from the frost  
The bright stones of innocence

Jewels tossed into the wind  
Where dreams dance naked in the sun  
The body of youth is assaulted by nature  
And together they lust for the end

Proud love sleeping on the sheets of morning  
And with blankets of clouds covering dawn  
Pale ceilings and ancient columns fall out of the haze  
Magnificent cities unveiled in the fog

I know the lanes bursting with sadness  
And the scream of the warrior killed in battle  
The perfume of flowers touching a face  
The exalted city, I know the dawn

I have walked in the chambers of evening  
I bathe in the waters of night  
Kissed by the wings of white birds  
I sit on a whispering mountain

The frost on the night is melted  
I have ravaged the heart of its earth  
A thief on the wing of a phoenix  
I've laid salt in the chasms of heaven

My crime is committed  
My cup is filled  
My thirst is abandoned  
What matters the death of a fawn

Secrets are sleeping in meadows  
Giving their flesh to spring  
God, how deafening their cry  
How scarlet the sky!

Vincent Rossi